

## ASKS SMALL LAD TO PICK BETWEEN 'PAPA AND MAMMA'

7-Year-Old "Dick," Son of  
Richard O. Johnson, to Have  
Interview With Justice.

LETTERS BRING TEARS.

Domestic Troubles of Wealthy  
New Rochelle Couple Reveal  
Charges of Wrongdoing.

Mrs. Ethel Colver Johnson, delicate, with a fragile prettiness, bore up bravely throughout the proceedings this morning before Justice Greenbaum by which she hoped to regain her seven-year-old son, until two letters which the little fellow had asked to be written to "mamma" from the boarding school, where his father had placed him, were read aloud.

Dick wanted "mamma" to know he loved her and that he really truly did miss his prayers every night as she had wished him to do, and a lot of other things which only the mother of a little son could feel and appreciate. The letters were the final straw to Mrs. Johnson. Burying her face in her handkerchief, she wept silently as if her heart would break. The depth of her emotion was patent from the agonized heaving of her slight shoulders.

She regained her composure though by an heroic effort in time to flash a smile of thanks at Justice Greenbaum when that just as ordered that Dick be produced in court on Friday at 2 o'clock. The Court's arrangement for determining in whose custody the boy should remain was unusual, growing out of it did of the bitter attacks of Mrs. Johnson and her husband, Richard O. Johnson, officer of a manufacturing concern at No. 71 Broadway, whom she is suing for a separation.

The child is to be brought to New York by one of the masters of the school—the Gunny School at Washington, Conn.—and taken directly before Justice Greenbaum in his chambers before either father or mother sees him. The Justice will question the little fellow with a view of discovering if he is happy where he is or if he would prefer to be with his mother. With this talk as a basis, the Court will decide whether Dick shall remain at the school pending the trial of the separation action or whether Mrs. Johnson shall keep him with her during that time.

TROUBLE IN FAMILY SURPRISE  
TO FRIENDS.

The Johnsons are among the best known of the New Rochelle society colony. The first intimation that all was not tranquil in their household came last Wednesday when Mrs. Johnson asked Justice Greenbaum to show cause why she should not have her son back with her. In her affidavit she alleged he had taken the boy away on Jan. 11, declaring he wished to buy the last new clothes. Instead, she said, he took the boy to the Gunny School.

When Mrs. Johnson hastened to court the next day—and it's a long ride even on an express train—she found the child in tears. He begged her to stay with him or take him home. The school authorities had not even been informed the child had a mother.

"Who is this woman?" they asked.

LAWYER READS LAD'S LETTER  
TO MAMA.

Johnson's attorney told a somewhat different story.

"The troubles of the Johnsons began in September, 1911," he announced, "when Mrs. Johnson's brother-in-law—the husband of her sister, who died in 1910, John C. Curran, of lines, married a woman—came to live with them. In the summer of 1912 he returned, and Mrs. Johnson's relations with him were such that they became the gossip of the neighborhood, and thence finally came to a pass Mr. Johnson had to ask Mr. Curran to leave. From that time on Mrs. Johnson has refused to speak to her husband."

Two days later Mrs. Johnson filed suit for a separation. She swore Johnson had treated her with great cruelty during the ten years of married life; that he had paid undue attentions to a nurse who had followed her; that he had repeatedly vowed he did not need Mrs. Johnson as a wife; and that for a year he had refused to speak to her, addressing all necessary communications to her through the medium of their son.

William Brunner, Mrs. Johnson's counsel, told Justice Greenbaum Mr. Johnson had proven himself to be unfit for guardian of the child, for in the past three months he had not been at home one evening and had returned to his family only on Sunday, and then not to remain for dinner, but to get some of his clothes.

"In December," the lawyer continued, "Mr. Johnson told his wife, in a note, that he wished to place the boy in a boarding school. She objected, of course, because the little fellow had never been away from her and was altogether too young to be sent away. On Jan. 11 he did manage to send the child away to the school advised by his attorney."

"It was to avoid the atmosphere of bitterness and quarrelling that Mr. Johnson sent the boy away. The boy is happy at the school, although it is true that when his mother visited him she acted in such a manner as to upset him greatly."

"To prove to you that the child is content I will read a letter which Mrs. Brunner made up at his direction:

"Dearest Mamma—I am nice and warm at night and I have lots of covers over me, just like you put them at home. In the daytime I play with the other little boys, but I don't

## SHOULD THE WIFE BE THE BOSS? Eleventh Article of a Series.

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### "Shall Man's Reason Finally Decide, Or Is It Left to Woman's Emotions?"



"MEN LIKE AN OPTIMISTIC AND CLEVER, PERSONALITY" WRITES "MERE MAN"

"If the Ladies Can Show Me that They Are Fitted to Be Wise Counsellors I Shall Be the First to Cry 'The King Is Dead, Long Live the Queen!'" Writes "J. S."

"Both Husband and Wife Will Have to Bear with, Overlook and Often Forgive Each Other Their Shortcomings, and Neither May Claim to Be the Boss," Says "Joseph W."

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

"If women made as close a study of men as men do of women, they would make a greater success of matrimony."

This interesting aphorism is supplied by a masculine reader in a letter contributed to-day to the discussion of the distribution of authority in the home.

Granted. But what are we going to do about it? Generally speaking, opportunity knocks only once at every woman's heart, whereas, boys in high school have already realized that the proper study of Mankind is Woman, and that for a man matrimony is merely a post-graduate course in the school of sentiment.

On the other hand, it may be urged that woman having relatively little chance to philander is better able to specialize in the study of the one heart which fate accords her. It may be contended also that the process of finding out which heart has her initials on it affords as great a chance of enlightening study as man is able to

gather from his butterfly experiences. I detect likening a man to a butterfly—I have never seen a man that really looked like one—but the comparison has the stamp and approval of ages, and I know of no role in which man more admires himself than that of the Don Juan of the rose garden, "flitting from flower to flower."

But, as a matter of fact, a woman as never really knows anything about the masculine character and disposition until she is married. And even then she may be so busy making a study of the gas range and the coal bill and the right diet for baby that she is unable to give to the close inspection of man the consideration and research he of course deserves.

Nevertheless the average wife may read with profit these remarks of "A Mere Man."

THE BASIS OF A LIFE OF HAPPINESS.

"I believe that from a woman's standpoint the essential requisites for a happy marriage are the combination of a spiritual or elemental sweetheart and the physical or tangible sweetheart. A man's mental moods are every bit as important as his physical comfort. The tactful elimination of the grosser moods and the nurturing of the happy is a rare blessing in marriage. Materially complete success comes through mutual observance of this rule."

Women in private life often wonder why certain men marry women in theatrical and public life. The solution of this problem is not difficult. Men like and enjoy an optimistic and clever personality, as they dislike the woman who is so straightforward and stiff that she sees nothing in the vista of life but duty, responsibility, care, trouble, sanctimoniousness, disintegration, and then a quiet death.

WANTS TO BE SHOWN WHY WIFE SHOULD BE BOSS.

Dear Madam: The ladies who believe they are best fitted to be boss do not see fit to give their reasons. It is not strange that they should remain silent when their throne is in danger? Is it not barely possible that they will not because they cannot give a reason? Your refusal to decide because you have no regard for tyrants of either sex does not, if you will permit me to say so, touch the point at issue. Surely you cannot think that a husband, in extreme cases, where his wife's inexperience, lack of business knowledge, lack of foresight or whatever you will, may endanger the home or his business, should stand idly by and not try to "avert the disaster." And if the two cannot come to an agreement, and he then, and only in such extreme cases, exercise his authority, is he a "tyrant"? I say that a marriage should be a democracy with equal rights and responsibilities. How can there be a democracy or partnership without a boss? We agree perfectly

TIPS FOR WOMEN WHO SEEK HAPPINESS.

Dear Madam: I have a firm belief that if women made as close a study of men as men do of women they would make a greater success of matrimony. Speaking from the aspect of a mere man I

## SHIP'S PASSENGERS SEE WHALE TOSSED BY 50-FOOT WAVES

Spectacular Incident of the  
Liner Baltic's Battle  
With Gale.

More stories of the untrammelled wrath of the Atlantic and hours in peril sufficient to make the hearts of strong men weak came in with the White Star liner Baltic, two days late in arriving at her pier to-day. The big ship had been punted like a football all the way across the southern track from Queens-town to Fire Island.

Capt. Howarth found his ship running square into a vicious gale before the hills of Ireland were below the horizon, and from that day, Jan. 11, all the subtle cruelty of the Western Ocean was vented upon the big liner. Last Tuesday and Wednesday, when the wind from the north and west had turned up to a ninety-mile gale and the face of the ocean was contorted into parallel ranges of watery mountains, the Baltic had to slacken her speed to bare storage way and take the force of the tempest squarely over her bows.

Capt. Howarth did not leave the bridge for three succeeding days during the height of the tempest and the quarter-master at the wheel had to turn the ship's bow to meet every oncoming wave and then hold her steady for the long coast down into the water abyss below the foam-streaked top. The ship's officers on the bridge could look up and see the waves crinkling to the fall over their heads. Some of them were more than fifty feet above the trough.

On the night of Jan. 15 the few passengers who remained in the upper saloon saw—or swore they saw—a white tressed like a sailing ship from crest to crest of the waves, the ship seeming utterly unable to navigate against the whip and drive of the hurricane. The leviathan flamed by the ship in a smother of foam so close that the passengers who had their faces to the deadlights in the saloon wall could see the puny thrash of the ship's bow. They said to-day they were glad a collision with the monster was not added to the heavy sum of the ship's distress.

Capt. Inman Sealby, one of the passengers, who was in command of the White Star steamer Republic when it was in collision with the Florida off the Long Island Coast four years ago and who has just completed a course in maritime law at the University of Michigan, whither he went after he lost his ship, declared that never in his experience at sea had he passed through such a storm as that of last week. Capt. Sealby is going to San Francisco, he says, to enter the practice of maritime law.

GALE TOOK HIS HAT RIGHT UP  
IN THE AIR TILL IT VANISHED.

Mr. Paine Lost His New Fedora  
by a Strange Freak of  
the Wind.

O. B. D. Paine, salesman of a horse brush and blanket firm in Greenwich street, took action to-day looking forward the indictment of Saturday night's gale for petty larceny and the arrest of certain clouds not identified as receivers of reporters or passengers.

It all happened Saturday night at 9 o'clock and Mr. Paine, who stopped in at The Evening World office on his way to see District-Attorney Whitman, says he can produce several perfectly reputable witnesses to satisfy even the most inquisitorial reporters or passengers.

He was walking through Warren street, between Greenwich street and West Broadway, flanked by friends and wearing a new Fedora hat. They were close to an arcade when a gust of wind lifted the Fedora from his head. And then, "You won't believe it," said Mr. Paine, "and I wouldn't myself if I hadn't seen it, and neither would my friends. But that hat went straight up into the air. The arcades rays shot so that we could follow it with our eyes. We saw it rise above the tops of the buildings, which are high at that point, and it was still ascending, directly above the middle of the street, when we lost sight of it."

"It was a wonderful freak of the wind, sir. I wasn't under the influence of liquor—in fact I never take a drink—but that hat never came down again and I'd be willing to make affidavit that it is using the sharp corner of some cloud for a backstop today."

Any one who finds a Fedora on the top of his or her umbrella after the next rainfall may return it to Mr. Paine at No. 252 Greenwich street.

Jane Addams Going to Egypt.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Miss Jane Addams, chief of Hull House, will sail from New York on Feb. 18 for a long stay in Egypt according to announcement made here last night. The announcement followed an inquiry from Washington as to whether she would attend the national rally of Women's Suffragists at the Capitol on March 2, at which she was counted upon as a guest of honor.

Rosenthal, aged nineteen, was in Tompkins Square Park, too. With two other youths of his own age he moved among the crowds jostling and pushing. Plaster followed them.

He saw them try to steal a girl's purse, but she was too quick for them and struck Rosenthal across the face. The youths ran and Plaster followed. As Rosenthal was passing, Mrs. Schneider grabbed a small handbag she had just placed on the seat beside her and stuffed it into his pocket.

Plaster grabbed him. Mrs. Schneider made loud outcry. A big crowd followed Plaster and his prisoner to the station house. There the crowd was opened.

It contained nothing except some new styles of infant raincoat. Nevertheless Rosenthal was held. He says he never stole anything before.

## BRIGANDS HOLD NEW YORK WOMAN FOR RICH RANSOM?

Mrs. William Mansfield, Who  
Disappeared From Hotel in  
Rome, Reported a Prisoner.

(By United Press.)  
ROME, Jan. 20.—The police authorities to-day were convinced that

brigands in the mountain fastnesses in the north were holding for ransom Mrs. William Mansfield, said to be the wife of a wealthy New Yorker, who mysteriously disappeared several days ago.

Mrs. Mansfield, with other Americans, was a guest of the Hotel Victoria up to last Sunday, when she went into the north of Italy. She reached Sala Laga-garda, and then all trace of her was lost.

From a clue, the source of which they refuse to reveal, the police say they are informed that a letter is on its way from the brigands to Mr. Mansfield, in New York, demanding a ransom for release of his wife.

The situation is complicated because Mrs. Mansfield, disappeared near the Austrian frontier, and the police must have the co-operation of the Austrian police to do any effective search work.

## FIRE SALE!

All the Bedell Winter apparel which was slightly damaged by smoke from the fire which occurred in our New York store last Wednesday, including

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In most instances the actual damage is confined to merely an odor of smoke—just enough to unfit the garments for presentation with regular lines. They are entirely serviceable, and in a majority of cases as presentable as a fastidious woman could desire.

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